

Whittington had another difficulty to get over before he could be happy. He had, by order of Mrs. Fitzwarren, a flock bed placed for him in the garret, where there were such a number of rats and mice, that they often ran over his face, and disturbed him when asleep. However, after a little time, a gentleman came on a visit to his master's, who, for cleaning his shoes, and running of several errands, gave Whittington a penny; this penny he carefully put by, intending to lay it out in the first cat that was to be sold: a few days after, he saw one in a woman's arms, but she asked a great deal of money for the cat, and began to enumerate all her good qualities; however Whittington's lamentable story, and his declaring he had but one penny in the world, excited the poor woman's pity, and she let him have the cat.

Away runs Whittington joyfully  
into

into the garret at once, for had Cicely the cook, seen him with her,



'tis more than probable she would have been angry: And here Grimalkin

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